

T H E
SKY LARK,

BEING A
CHOICE COLLECTION
O F
NEW SONGS,

Sung this S E A S O N,

By the most Eminent Performers,

A T

VAUXHALL, RANELAGH, MA-
RYBONE-Gardens, the THEATRES,
SADLER's - WELLS, PUBLIC CON-
CERTS, and the MUSICAL SOCIETIES
throughout ENGLAND.

L O N D O N:

Printed for the BOOKSELLERS
in Town and Country.



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C O L L E C T I O N
O F
N E W S O N G S.

S O N G I.

LAST May-day I rambled the meadows along,
To hear the sweet Linnets and Goldfinches
song,

When just by the close shaped J-samine Grove,
I met with young Phillis, the Goddess of love,
Transported I kiss'd her, she gave me a smile,
So I asked the dear Nymph, if she tarry a while
Oh! no, she reply'd, therefore leave me I pray,
For here, 'tis unsafe with a Shepherd to stay.

Dear Phillis I cry'd don't refuse my request,
Of all nymphs in the village, 'tis you I love best,
Then why be afraid with your shepherd to go,
To the jessamine, still she answered no no,
You men are deceivers and love to ensnare,
And my mother oft' told me of men to beware,
No longer persuade me, pursue your own way,
For there 'tis unsafe with a shepherd to stay.

Lord bleſs me I cry'd you're of late grown a prude,
 Do you think my dear girl, I'd attempt to be rude,
 'Tis the ſeaſon of love, to the grove let's along,
 Where I'll tell you a tale, and I'll ſing you a ſong,
 Prithee Damon ſhe cry'd, don't attempt to perſuade,
 Or by cunning beguile a poor innocent maid,
 The groves may have charms now the ſeaſon is gay,
 But here, 'tis un'aſe with a ſhepherd to ſtay

Well pleas'd with her virtue, I tenderly cry'd,
 Have nothing to fear, for I'll make you my Bride,
 For long I've beheld you the Girl to my mind,
 So to Church let us go, then may Phillis be kind,
 My tale Oh ye fair is a leſſon for you,
 'Tis marriage alone that will prove the Swain true,
 If before to the grove, you're too eaſily won,
 The ſwain may be falſe and the maiden undone.

The SHEPHERDS HOLIDAY.

II.

THE Month of May is now begun,
 And the ſweet Flowers are all in Bloom:
 The Nymphs and Swains like lambs will play,
 To welcome the Shepherds Holiday.

That man is bleſt that's free from all Care,
 Young Cupid's Dart ſhall never me enſnare:
 For his young Betty in my arms muſt lay,
 To welcome the Shepherds Holiday.

Young Colin he rules all their Train,
 When he meets them on the Plain;
 Diana on her Harp will play,
 To welcome the Shepherds Holiday.

At

At Night when I'm tired, I can take no rest,
 In my true love's Arms then I am blest;
 Brisk Nancy has stole my Heart away,
 All on the Shepherds holiday.

The D U E N N A.

III.

IN days of Gay,
 They sing and say
 The world was full of folly,
 For all day long,
 It's sole sing song,
 Was pretty, pretty Polly.

Tòl de rol de

So now a days,
 As 'twas in Gay's,
 The town's run mad agen-a!
 It's whole delight,
 Thus every night
 To throng to the Duenna.

So droll the scene
 With quick and Green
 So sweetly sings Leoni;
 While those fly curs,
 The managers,
 Keep pocketing the money,

Nor pleases less,
 This same success,
 The sparkling master Sherry,
 Who sure enough,
 Gets too the stuff,
 By making folks so merry.

So changed the days,
 Since little Bays,
 Made Drury's galleries roar--a,
 His boxes mum,
 His pit humdrum,
 Now buz applause no more--a.
 Nay to his loss,
 Which makes him cross,
 Our gracious King and Queen--a
 Have both been twice,
 And may be thrice,
 Will go to the Duenna.

Then Sal and Sue,
 Come let us too,
 Go there my girls agen---a
 Mean while let's sing,
 Long live the King,
 The Queen and the Duenna.

Tol de rol de

A N E W S O N G,

Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.

Believe my sighs, my tear, my dear,
 Believe the heart you have won,
 Believe my vows to you sincere,
 Or Peggy I am undone ;
 You say I am fickle and apt to change,
 To ev'ry face that's new,
 But of all the girls I ever saw,
 I ne'er lov'd one like you.

My heart was once a flake of ice,
 Till warmed by your bright eyes,

And

And then it melted in a trice,
 A flame that never dies,
 Then take and try me you shall find,
 A heart that's just and true,
 Of all the Girls I ever saw,
 I ne'r lov'd one like you.

Then come my charmer, let's away
 To Church and end all strife,
 How blest will be each night and day,
 When Peggy is my wife,
 My vows to you shall prove sincere,
 For I'll be just and true,
 Of all the Girls I ever saw,
 I ne'er lov'd one like you.

Sung by Mr. Lowe and Mrs. Lampe.

NOW the happy Knot is ty'd,
 Betty is my charming Bride;
 Ring the Bells, and fill the Bowl,
 Revel all without Controul:
 Who so fair as lovely Bet!
 Who so blessed as Colinet!
 Who so fair as lovely Bet!
 Who so blest'd as Colinet!

Now adieu to Maiden Arts,
 Angling for unguarded Hearts;
 Welcome Hymen's lasting Joys,
 Lispering wanton Girls and Boys;
 Girls, as fair as lovely Bet;
 Boys, as sweet as Colinet.
 Tho' ripe Sheaves of yellow Corn,
 Now my plenteous Barn adorn;

Tho'

Tho' I've deck'd my Myrtle Bowers
 With the fairest sweetest flowers !
 Riper, fairer, sweeter yet,
 Are the Charms of lovely Bet.

Tho' on Sundays I was seen,
 Dress'd like any May-Day Queen ;
 Tho' six Sweethearts daily strove
 To deserve thy Betty's Love ;
 Them I quit without Regret ;
 All my Joys in Colinet.

Strike up then the rustic Lay ;
 Crown, with Sports, our Bridal-Day ;
 May each Lad a Mistress find,
 Like my Betty fair and kind ;
 And each Lass a Husband get,
 Fond and true as Colinet.

Ring the Bells, and fill the Bowl,
 Revel all without controul :
 May the Sun ne'er rise or set
 But with Joy to happy Bet,
 And her faithful Colinet.

S O N G VI.

Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.

YOUNG Colin having much to say
 In secret to a Maid,
 Persuaded her to leave the Hay,
 And seek th' embow'ring shade :
 And after roving with his Mate
 Where none cou'd hear or see,

Upon the Velvet Ground they 'at
Under the Green-wood Tree.

" Your Charms," says Colin, " warm my breath,
" What must I for them give ?
" Nor Night nor Day can I have Rest,
" I can't without you live :
" My Flocks, my Herds, my All is thine,
" Cou'd you and I agree ;
" Oh ! say you to my wish incline
" Under the Green-wood Tree."

" Too late you attempt my Heart, fond Swain."
The wary Lads replies,
" A Lad who must not sue in vain,
" Nor for my Favour tries ;
" He bids me name the sacred Day,
" In all things we agree ;
" Then why should you and I now stay
" Under the Green-wood Tree ?"

All this But serv'd to fire his Mind,
He knew not what to do,
'Till to his Suit she wou'd be kind,
He wou'd not let her go :
His Love, his Wealth, the Youth display'd,
No longer coy was she ;
At Church she seal'd the Vow she made
Under the Green-wood Tree.

SONG VII.

The LOVERS STREAM.

Sung by Mr. Jameson at Vauxhall.

FLOW murm'ring river, flow,
 Whilst on thy Borders Grow,
 Gay Flora's richest pride;
 And since thy bounty feeds
 The neighb'ring verdant meads,
 In cease's tinklings guide.

Upon the whisp'ring stream
 My faithful lovers dream,
 Whilst sings the humming bee;
 Or let th' empassion'd Swain,
 Most sweetly there complain,
 Or pipe in tuneful gee.

Upon thy banks I'll stay
 To lull my cares away,
 There shun the noontide beam;
 Fair quiet here I find,
 This soots my thoughtful mind,
 I thank thee gentle stream.

SONG VIII.

ADVICE to CLEORA.

CLEORA, prithee turn your eye,
 And see the clouds in yonder sky;

Obscure

Obscure the sun enliv'ning ray,
And hide the cheerful face of day.

Mark yet again the humble swain,
Who guards the flocks along the plain,
The gloomy prospect calmly view,
And patient wait to see a shew.

Nor anxious be, nor vainly try,
From clouds to clear the darken'd sky.
But know a few short moments more,
And the Day brightens as before.

This then with clouds of gloom infest,
The gentle region of your breast,
Nor force nor art can check their stay,
The Hours must wear them all away.

For ah! believe me, 'twere as vain
To try to stop you hasty rain,
Or stay the fierce impetuous wind,
As rule the climate of the mind.

How wild who hopes the sun to force,
Or shape the clouds uncertain course;
Not less who thinks he may controul
The clouds and sunshine of the soul.

Oh! cease impatient for to burn,
Nor strive to press your sun return,
But like the prudent shepherd wait,
To see the clouds and gloom retreat.

SONG IX.

The INCONSTANT.

(Music has power to melt the soul.)

IT moves your wonder that my soul,
Which ever rov'd before,
The charms of Cloe should controul,
And that I rove no more.

But know, in her, my fickle mind,
That stray'd from fair to fair,
Can ev'ry day new graces find,
And prove inconstant there.

Her eyes, that heav'nly lustre beam,
Enthral my heart this day :
The next, to raise an equal flame,
New charms her lips display.

The heaving marble of her breast
Shall soon attract my sight,
Whith beauties not to be express'd,
And yield a strange delight.

Inconstant, from that bosom fair
My eyes at length depart :
The waving ringlets of her hair
Have now ensnar'd my heart.

Attracted by a pow'rful charm,
From thence 'tis led away :
The whiteness of her well-turn'd arm,
Now bears superior sway.

Thus

Thus in my ardent love of change,
 In Chloe gratify'd :
 Midst various beauties still I range,
 By her they're all supply'd.

SONG X.

The CRYING SHEPHERD.

LONG time a swain had courted Sue,
 And told her all his mind ;
 But though she found the shepherd true,
 She ne'er to love inclined :
 He press'd her oft to be his bride,
 She frown'd whene'r he came ;
 He sobb'd and cried, she still deny'd,
 And scorn'd his gen'rous flame.

With pleasing arts the shepherd strove
 To melt her frozen heart ;
 But she defy'd the pow'r of love,
 Not having felt his dart.
 Though every day the swain he try'd,
 The nymph remained the same ;
 He sobb'd and cry'd, she still deny'd,
 To own his generous flame.

Though slighted thus he fonder grew,
 And still the Nymph pursued,
 But all his worth was lost on Sue,
 Who would not be subdued :
 That she the pow'r of love defy'd,
 All held her much to blame ;
 The swain still cry'd that she deny'd,
 To own his gen'rous flame.

At length the god of love drew near,
 And heard the swain lament,
 He whisper'd, Shepherd never fear,
 The nymph shall soon relent;
 His bow and arrow next he try'd,
 And at young Sue took aim,
 She sobs and cry'd, and soon complied,
 To own the shepherd's flame.

SONG XI.

The ROSE and the LAUREL.

(Wouldst thou all the joys receive)

CHLOE, in your mirror view,
 As you daily us'd to do;
 Th' image of that lovely face,
 Deck'd with each becoming grace.

Then, my Chloe, strait repair
 To the garden—thence, my dear,
 Bring the damask rose away,
 That flourish'd there but yesterday.

Seek the bush on which it grew,
 Enliven'd by the morning dew;
 The fragrant flow'r, alas! is shed,
 Scatter'd all its leaves and dead.

But, behold the laurel there,
 Unhurt by time, still fresh and fair;
 Ever verdant see it thrive,
 And the wintry blasts survive.

But

But innate sense and modesty,
Like the laurel never die ;
These, my Chloe, then improve,
For virtue is the source of love.

S O N G X I I .

K I T T Y C L A R E ,

(When Fanny blooming fair.)

LET other bards inspir'd
 Their utmost skill employ ;
By Dido's beauties fir'd,
 Or Helen——pride of Troy :
On more exalted wing,
 My muse shall mount in air,
The brighter charms to sing,
 Of lovely Kitty Clare.

Would you the sweets exhale,
 That blest Arabia yields,
Or breathe the spicy gale
 Of sweet Amboyna's fields,
Would you Ambrosia sip,
 With reverence repair,
And kiss the sweeter lip,
 Of dearest Kitty Clare .

Her blooming cheek out-vies
 The roses lively grow ;
The tulip's varied dyes
 Far less resplendant shew ?

The

The lilly's clearest white
 Would suffer in compare,
 And seem not half so bright,
 As beautilous Kitty Clare.

Should you ye Gods conceal
 My Kitty in the skies,
 Too glorious to reveal
 To any Mortal eyes ;
 I'd think the theft no crime,
 But like Prometheus dare,
 Jove's starry throne to climb,
 And steal my Kitty Clare.

Or if the envious fates
 The beauteous Maid had bound,
 With Palegethon and Styx,
 And Cocytus arround ;
 Their banks I would explore,
 Like Orpheus void of fear,
 And make the fate restore
 My charming Kitty Clare,

What though no mighty hoard
 My scanty coffers boast,
 I'd envy not the Lord
 Or Afric's Golden Coast ;
 Let fortune others grant
 Their Thousand pounds a year,
 I'd no such treasures want,
 Possess'd of Kitty Clare.

Or would the Goddess make
 The spacious globe my own,
 To bribe or forsake,
 The nymph I love alone :

The

The gift I would refuse,
 An humble cot prefer,
 Contented there I'd chuse,
 To live with Kitty Clare.

SONG XHI.

(The lafs of Patty's Mill.)

SEE beaux Daphne, see,
 The fun with purer light
 New-gilds the hawthorn-tree,
 And makes the prospect bright;
 He sheds refulgent rays
 On ev'ry chryftal stream;
 The birds in chearful lays
 Rejoice beneath his beam.

The storms of winter rude,
 Give place to gentler gales;
 The flow'rs to life renewed,
 Bedeck'd the smiling Vales;
 The Cyprian Queen of Love,
 Refumes her welcome reign,
 Throughout the peaceful grove,
 And o'er the verdant plain.

Adorn'd in all thy charms,
 Celestial nymph! appear;
 And in my longing arms,
 Let me enfold my dear:
 So shall within my breast,
 Perpetual pleasures spring,
 And I, for ever blest,
 Of love and Daphne sing.

SONG XIV.

The FEMALE DUELIST.

SINCE all so nicely take offence,
 And pinking is the fashion,
 I soon shall find a good pretence
 For being in a passion.

If any on my dress or air
 To test, dare take occasion;
 By female honour I declare,
 I'll have an explanation.

If you are too free and full of play,
 By Jove, my lads, I will cure ye :
 And if cold you turn away,
 You will rouse a very fury.

A law is every thing I say,
 No swain shall call me cruel,
 Whoever my will shall disobey,
 The signal for a duel.

A very Amazon am I,
 And various weapons carry ;
 Have lightening glancing in my eye,
 And tongue a sword to parry,

E'n let him arm with what he will,
 With Cupid's bow and arrow,
 You soon shall see my man I'll kill,
 As easy as a sparrow.

SONG

S O N G X V.

(Sure Sally is the loveliest lass.)

FROM yonder cast resplendent dart,
 The sun's auspicious rays ;
 So Celia cheer my drooping heart,
 With her enliv'ning face :
 Her beauty doth such transport give
 To my enamour'd soul,
 Possessing her, I'd ever live
 Secure from all controul,

Exterior charms may strike the view,
 And beauty all admire ;
 But merit wins affection true,
 And feeds the lasting fire ;
 Of each my Celia doth possess
 An inexhausted store ;
 Would she vouchsafe my love to bless,
 I'd wish for nothing more.

S O N G X V I.

(O would'st thou know what secret charms.)

MY dear Clarinda would'st thou know,
 Whence Hymen's sacred blessings flow ;
 Attend my lay, and thou shalt see,
 The man that's made for love and me.

Nor wealth, nor person can impart
 Those blessings to the tender heart ;
 His mind the flowing spring must be,
 That sheds the stream of bliss for me.

Whose

Whose soul's with steadfast virtue fraught,
 Inspir'd with ev'ry noble thought;
 Kind, constant, gen'rous, and free,
 Be him whom fate designs for me.

Let pure good-nature in his breast,
 With sweet complacency mildly rest;
 His sprightly genius ever be
 Producing joys for love and me.

Let him his passions ever sway,
 Not led by them from wisdom's way;
 Serenely calm O let them be,
 Sweetly attun'd to love and me.

Teeming with sentiments refin'd,
 Let good-like science teach his mind;
 From objects low and mean to flee,
 And only toy with love and me.

Thus let his solid reason shine
 Enlighten'd with a ray divine;
 His soul, for ever let it be,
 Enwapt in virtue, love, and me.

A breast with sacred truth inspir'd,
 A soul with love of knowledge fir'd,
 Prejudice and ign'rance free,
 Alone is made for love and me.

SONG

SONG XVII.

OF all the youths that grac'd the plain,
 Ther's none that could compare
 With Colin, who I wish in vain,
 Would to my arms return again,
 And fix his dwelling there.

Oft have I listen'd when he sung,
 Attentive all the while :
 For surely magic raptures hung
 Upon his dear deluding tongue,
 So sweet——so full of guile.
 When'er he tun'd the warbling lye,
 Or softly breathing flute,
 His wond'rous skill I did admire,
 My soul enamour'd, caught the fire,
 And granted all his suit.

His suit obtain'd—the faithless boy,
 Who stole my heart away,
 Whose presence gave me so much joy,
 Whose absence will my bliss destroy,
 Doth from my bosom stray.

Beware, ye nymphs, where'er you be,
 By my example shun
 False man——your greatest enemy,
 Left by his artful perfidy,
 You are too soon undone.

SONG XVIII.

The INJURED FAIR.

COME Lasses listen unto me,
In country, town, and city,
Let my downfall a caution be,
To blooming maids so pretty.

I am a poor unhappy girl,
Upon the town applying,
Because I did believe false man,
Full of deceit and lying.

So pray remember pretty maids,
How often you are warned,
For when men once do get their ends,
By them you will be scorned.

Such flatteries to be us'd,
And presents I had many,
Altho' I'd twenty for to chuse,
I lov'd him best of any.

Blith as the lark I was till he,
Of every joy bereft me,
But when he'd had his will of me,
He went away and left me, &c.

With arms around me on his knee,
Like Judas would kiss me,
And wish'd the happy day to see,
In marriage for to blest me?

But

But oh alas the treacherous youth,
 Most basely did seduce me,
 And when I asked him for to wed,
 He like a rogue refus'd me, &c.

Then of his conquest he did boast,
 In many you know it's common,
 And bragg'd to his companions all,
 How he betray'd a woman ;

Howe'er he has my ruin been,
 And I'm undone for ever,
 So how can man ever expect,
 Of woman any favour.

But yet I will not curse the youth,
 But this I wish in brief fir,
 That he may wed a drunken Wife,
 Then he'll have a whore and a thief, fir.

Sufficient punishment I vow,
 For any man alive, fir
 For he that's ty'd to such a Jilt,
 I'm sure he ne'r can thrive fir, &c.

Now this is all the harm I can wish,
 What think you of my prayer,
 A drunken wife to be the lot,
 Of ev'ry maids betrayer.

A good wife is an ornament,
 And make a husband prized,
 But may he get a drunken Jilt,
 And see himself despised, &c.

SONG XIX.

The Pleasure of RURAL LIFE.

LADS and lasses blythe and gay,
 Taste of pleasure while you may,
 Her's Ralph and Roger, Sue and Kate,
 Sporting with a fork or rake.
 Her's Ralph and Roger, &c.
 Ever chearful all the day,
 In the meadows making hay.

Rise each morning with the sun,
 And it's going down return,
 Leaving work and worldly care,
 Then each lad salutes his fair,
 Pastime then alone is seen,
 As they tripp'd it o'er the green.

Ceres next our joys adorn,
 View the yellow fields of corn,
 Whilst the farmer smiling, sings
 Bless'd I am, more than a king.
 Now again my wealth increase,
 Crowns my happiness and peace.

Now the harvest does begin,
 Whilst the warblers sweetly sing,
 With hook and sickle clear the land,
 And the farmer jocund stand,
 Hopes the plough may never fail,
 Hands about the jug of ale.

Pride can never our breasts alarm,
 Whilst we're thrashing barn,

Dame

Dame at home does sit and spin,
 Wishing the return of spring,
 Innocence is dancing round,
 Here the conjugal bliss is found.

S O N G XX.

A New Love Song.

AS I was a walking one morning in may,
 I heard a young damsel to sigh and to say,
 My love is gone from me, and shewed me foul play.
 It was down in the meadow amongst the green hay.

Says he my dear Polly, what makes you to moan,
 O did you think love I ne'er woud return,
 So now to church love let us repair,
 Never mind your FATHER.

My father is worth five hundred a year,
 And I am his daughter and only dear,
 Not a penny of portion he'll give me I fear,
 If I marry with you my dear.

O as to your portion my dear never mind,
 I will make you husband both loving and kind.
 So now to the church love let us repair.
 Never mind your father.

They went to the church and was married straight
 way,
 And home to her Father the very next day,
 O honoured father I tell unto thee
 That we are MARRIED.

O then the old father began for to swear,
 You have married my daughter and only dear,
 But since you are married, I've got a new son,
 You are very WELCOME.

S O N G XXI.

SWEETEST of creatures let Cupid incline thee,
 T'accept of a faithful heart which now I resign
 thee,

Scorning all carnal end, regardless of money,
 Yielding to the heart that's generous and bonny.

Take me Jenny,

Let me win you,

While I'm in the humour;

I implore you,

I adore you,

What can mortals do more.

Kiss upon't, kiss upon't, turn not so shyly

There is my hand, there's my heart,

'Twill never beguile thee.

Bright are thy lovely eyes,

Thy sweet lips so delighting,

Well polish thy ivory neck,

Thy arms inviting :

Often at the milk white churn,

With raptures I've seen them,

But O how I sigh'd and burn,

Wish'd my own arms between them.

Take me Jenny, &c.

I've store of sheep, my love,

And goats on the mountain,

And water to brew good ale

From your clear crystal fountain :

I've

I've too a pretty cot,
 With Garden and land to't,
 But all will be doubly sweet,
 If you put a hand to it,

Take me Jenny, &c,

S O N G XXII.

The SHEPHERD's INVITATION.

COME live with me and be my love,
 And we will all the pleasure prove
 That grove and valley, hill and field,
 Or woods and steepy mountains yield ;
 And I will make thee beds of Roses,
 And twine a thousand amorous posies,
 To deck thee for wake or fair,
 With curious fancy I'll prepare.

A cap of flowers and rural kirtle,
 Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle ;
 A belt of straw and ivy buds,
 A coral clasp and amber studs :
 And if these pleasures may thee move,
 Then come with me and be my love,
 Nymphs and Swains shall dance and sing,
 For thy delight each May morning.

SONG XXIII.

The SPARROW and his MATE; or

VALENTINE'S DAY.

An EPI THALAMIUM.

(Harvest Home.)

COME let us agree,
 As jovial to be,
 As the warblers this morn on the spray;
 No cares to perplex us,
 No troubles to vex us,
 Let innocent mirth crown the day;

For Hymen bids play,
 To keep holiday.
 And celebrate Valentine's Day.

The sparrow shall prate,
 Love songs to his mate,
 As he skims by her to the nest;
 There by her close seated,
 The kiss is repeated,
 To cheer the dear bird he loves best.

Let's Hymen obey,
 And keep holiday,
 To celebrate Valentine's Day.

Like him may the swain
 His wishes obtain,

When

When the pastime of love shall begin ;
 Like her may the bride
 (The coy blush thrown aside)
 His affections continue to win !

And when Hymen bids play,
 His dictates obey,
 In remembrance of Valentine's Day.

Their offspring each year,
 Increas'd shall appear,
 At the table receive a new guest ;
 But now it grows late,
 Let the sparrow and mate
 Be permitted to handseel their nest;

There, frolick and gay,
 Let 'em Hymen obey.
 And celebrate Valentine's Day.

SONG XXIV.

The WEDDING - DAY.

YE sprightly nymphs and jovial swains,
 That tend your flocks upon your plains,
 To yonder cottage haste away,
 And celebrate this happy day.

To day the fair Clarinda deign'd
 To yield her kind consenting band,
 To am'rous Colin of the Green,
 The blithest youth that e'er was seen.

Love join'd their mutual hearts in one,
 And Hymen's rites are now begun;
 With joyful welcomes away,
 And hail Clarinda's wedding day.

Let ev'ry lad chuse out his lass,
 And lead her o'er the bending grass;
 Then to the cottage all repair,
 And kindly greet the happy fair.

The bridal sports shall then ensue,
 And ev'ry tender wish renew;
 Transporting kisses shall impart,
 A fond desire to ev'ry heart.

Each nymph and swain by love inspir'd,
 Shall be with blissful raptures fir'd,
 And mirth, and joy, and jolity,
 Shall crown Clarinda's wedding-day.

SONG XXV.

COLIN of the DALE.

WHEN love appear'd in Damon's form,
 The shepherd deck'd with ev'ry charm
 Endeavour'd to prevail:
 He sigh'd, he vow'd eternal truth,
 I pity'd, while I scorn'd the youth,
 For Colin of the Dale.

Strephon for sprightly wit renown'd,
 Wou'd fain have had his wishes crown'd,
 By list'ning to his tale:
 But, O! What swain cou'd e'er invite,

Or give a nymph like me delight,
But Colin of the Dale?

Young Roger came the other day,
And almost led my thought astray ;
For, oh ! no tongue can tell,
With how much skill, with how much art,
He try'd to win my constant heart,
From Colin of the Dale.

At ev'ry pastime, wake, or sport,
There many am'rous swains resort,
Their lasses to regale ;
Tho' all address their vows to me,
To all I ever deaf will be,
But Colin of the Dale.

With him through flow'ry meads I'll rove,
Or in the silent shady grove,
Where pleasures never fail ;
Then to the cottage I'll repair,
And endless joys for every share,
With Colin of the Dale.

S O N G XXVI.

A POLLO aid me while I sing,
Inspire the imperfect lay ;
Give me to touch the trembling string,
On this auspicious day.

May peace her fruitful olive spread,
To bless this happy land ;
And ev'ry science raise her head,
At George's great command.

Here

Here sacred Freedom fix thy seat,
 Let Britain rule the seas:
 And distant times with pride repeat
 The happiness of these.

SONG XXVII.

(Vain is ev'ry fond endeavour.)

HASTE away, thou tardy lover;
 Absence fills me with alarms:
 Cease, O cease to be a Rover,
 Fix thy dwelling in my arms.

Bid adieu to lawless pleasure;
 And if love be worth your care,
 Come and taste an endless treasure,
 You shall find a welcome here:

Guilt, the vicious heart confounding,
 Meets from fools alone regard;
 Virtue with true joy abounding,
 Proves the lover's best reward.

Bid adieu to lawless pleasure;
 And if love be worth your care,
 Come and taste an endless treasure,
 You shall find a welcome here.

SONG XXVIII.

(When love is lodged within the heart.)

SECURE in beauty's dead array,
 As Lindamira walks the plain,

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She wings her arrows every way,
 Nor feels herself the lover's pain :
 Yet, O! too cruel maid beware,
 O play not, wanton with the dart,
 For love for thee may spread his snare,
 And reach e'en thy obdurate heart.

How should I rave to see those eyes,
 Replete with ineffectual fire,
 Cast on a wretch who might despise,
 What the enamour'd world admire ;
 Since by kind nature form'd for joy,
 A milder fate, O may'st thou prove,
 Dispense thy smiles, no longer coy,
 Bleis'd in the arms of youth and love !

S O N G XXIX.

(Thou rising sun where glad some ray.)

TO fix her—'twere a task as vain,
 To count the April drops of rain,
 To sow in Afric's barren soil,
 Or tempests hold within a toil.

I know it, friend, she's light as air,
 False as the fowler's artful snare ;
 Inconstant as the passing wind,
 As winter's dreary frost unkind.

She's such a miser too in love,
 Its joys she'll neither share or prove,
 Though hundreds of gallants await,
 From her victorious eyes their fate.

Blushing

Blushing at such inglorious reign,
 I sometimes strive to break her chain :
 My reason summon to my aid,
 Resolv'd no more to be betray'd.

Ah, friend ! 'tis but a short liv'd trance,
 Dispelled by one enchanting glance,
 She need but look, and I confess
 Those looks compleatly curse or bless.

So soft, so elegant, so fair,
 Sure something more than human's there ;
 I must submit, for strife is vain,
 'Twas destiny that forged the chain.

SONG XXX.

(Once more I'll tune the vocal shell.)

TIS not the Muses choicest lay,
 'Tis not the pencil's strongest ray,
 That can sufficiently display,
 The charms of pretty Polly :

'Tis not a lover's fire can paint,
 Nor can the vilest scandal taint,
 A mind as pure as any saint,
 The mind of virtuous Polly.

Let critics, who, of judgment vain,
 Condemn the fancy of my brain,
 For praising in so high a strain,
 The beauties of my Polly.

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Reflect, if e'er they knew the smart,
The tickling wounds of Cupid's dart,
What raging passion feels a heart.
Like mine which doats on Polly.

When absent from her loving sight,
I view the twinkling stars so bright,
And Cynthia's beams which gild the night,
I sighing, wish for Polly ;

And yet so shines her sparkling eye,
As Phœbus' rays at noon-day sky,
The pow'rful lustre makes me fly,
The charming face of Polly.

Assist me with your skill and aid,
Oh ! teach me, Cupid, to persuade,
By winning eloquence this maid,
My soul is wholly Polly's.

Or, to her tender breast impart,
By gentle means, your piercing art,
Then grant she may exchange her heart,
With mine, already Polly's.

S O N G XXXI.

(When all the Attic fire was fled.)

O Sylvia ! your melodious voice,
At which the list'ning gods rejoice,
Would captivate still more,
Did not your heav'nly charms invite
Our senses ravished with delight,
To gaze and to adore,

Reflect

You

You to behold, at once, and hear,
Are blessings for mankind too dear :
For Jove too great a prize !
All that dare hear, in love are all ;
All that dare look, must victims fall,
To these all conquering eyes.

SONG XXXII.

A S O N G upon S O N G S.

COME every brisk soul
Who delights in a bowl,
In mirth, or what to it belongs ;
Attend to my verse,
While here I rehearse,
To please you, a song upon songs

But first, I declare,
To him whom to hear
This little original longs;
Let him think what he will,
Nought offensive or ill,
Is contained in this song upon songs.

Great statesmen conceal
 Their schemes wheel in wheel,
 And under disguise commit wrongs ;
 I nobody hurt,
 But contribute to mirth,
 By writing a song upon songs.

The boisterous knave,
Who pretends to be brave,
And boasts of his fights and ding dong's ;

When put to the test,
 How fallen his crest,
 And his courage a song upon songs,

The clergy resort,
 To superiors at court,
 And crave for fat livings in throngs;
 While I, with low aim,
 Aspire to fame;
 In scribbling a song upon songs,

Taste differs in all,
 In great and in small,
 A hobby horse to all belongs;
 A girl, ball, or play,
 A review or birth-day,
 Or even a song upon songs,

Guitars with some suit,
 Some a fiddle or flute,
 And some like a poker and tongs;
 Some admire duettos,
 And other cantatos,
 And others my song upon songs.

Let all who've the spleen,
 Buy this magazine,
 Such properties to it belongs;
 It will give them a cure
 As certain and sure,
 As this is a song upon songs.

But if you proceed,
 And continue to read,
 Each song which to this book belongs;

When

D

You'll

You'll own I believe,
 Many pleasures can give,
 Beside this our song upon songs.

SONG XXXIII.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

Set by Mr. Gerrard.

THE World my dear Myra, is full of Deceit,
 And friendship's a jewel we seldom can meet;
 How strange does it seem, that in searching around,
 This Source of Content is so scarce to be found?
 O, Friendship! thou Balm, and rich sweetner of life;
 Kind Parent of Ease and composer of strife;
 Without thee, alas! What are riches and Pow'r.
 But empty delusion, the Joys of an hour!

How much to be priz'd and esteem'd is a friend,
 On whom we may always with safety depend;
 Our Joys, when extended, will always increase,
 And grief, when divided, are hush'd into peace:
 When fortune is smiling, what crowds will appear,
 Their kindness to offer, and friendship sincere;
 Yet change but the prospect, and point out distress,
 No longer to court you they eagerly press.

SONG XXXIV.

Sung by Miss Jameson in Vauxhall Gardens.

TO fly, like bird, from grove to grove,
 To wander like the bee;
 To sip of sweets, and taste of love,

Is not enough for me :
 No fluttering passions wake my break ;
 I wish the place to find,
 Where fate may give me peace and rest,
 One shepherd to my mind.

To ev'ry youth I'll not be gay ;
 Nor try on all my pow'r ;
 Nor future pleasures throw away,
 In toyings for an hour ;
 I would not reign the gen'ral toast,
 Be prais'd by all the town ;
 A thousand tongues on me are lost,
 I'll hear but only one.

For which of all the flat'ring train,
 Who swarm at beauty's shrine,
 When youth's gay charms are in the wane,
 Will court their sure decline ?
 Then fops and wits, and beaux forbear,
 Your arts will never do ;
 For some fond youth shall be my care,
 Life's checquer'd season through.

My little heart shall love a home,
 A wharm and shelter'd nest ;
 No giddy flights shall make me roam
 From whence I am most blest :
 With love and only that dear swain,
 What tranquil joys I see !
 Farewell, ye false, inconstant train !
 For one is all to me.

SONG XXXV.

A CANTATA.

Sung by Signora Giordina.

RECITATIVE.

L OVELY virgins in your prime,
Mark the silent flight of time,
Fortune's gifts shou'd she disclose,
Quickly chuse what she bestows ;
Bloom and beauty soon decay,
Love and youth fly swift away.

A I R.

Let not age thy bloom ensnare,
You can find no pleasure there ;
Transient joys you'll seek in vain.
Joys that ne'er return again,
Ev'ry minute then improve,
Fleeting are those joys of love ;
Wisely think the young and gay,
But the tenants of a day.

SONG XXXVI.

The L I L L Y of the V A L E,

Sung by Mr. Hudson at Ranelagh,

T HE fragrant Lilly of the Vale
So elegantly fair,

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Whose sweets perfume the fanning gale
 To Chloe I compare :
 What though on earth it lowly grows,
 And strives its head to hide ;
 Its sweetness far outvies the Rose,
 That flaunts with so much pride.

The costly tulip owes its hue
 To many a gaudy stain ;
 In this we view the virgin white
 Of innocence remain :
 See how the curious florist's hand,
 Uprears its humble head ;
 And to preserve the charming flow'r,
 Transplants it to his bed,

There while it sheds its sweets around ;
 How shines each modest grace ;
 Enraptur'd how its owner stands,
 To view its lovely face :
 But pray my Chloe, now observe
 The inference of my tale ;
 May I the florist be—and thou
 The Lilly of the Vale.

S O N G XXXVII.

Sung by Mr. Lowe, at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. Worgan.

YE fair who shine thro' Britain's isle,
 And triumph o'er the heart ;
 For once attentive be a while
 To what I now impart.

Would you obtain the youth you love,
The precepts of a friend approve,
And learn the way to keep him.

As soon as nature had decreed
The bloom of eighteen years,
And Isabel from school is freed,
Then beauty's force appears;
The youthful blood begins to flow,
She hopes for man, and longs to know
The surest way to keep him.

When first the pleasing pain is felt
Within the lovers breast;
And you by strange persuasion melt,
Each wishing to be blest;
Be not too bold nor yet too coy,
With prudence lure the happy boy,
And that's the way to keep him.

At court, at ball, at park or play
Assume a modest pride;
And, lest your tongue your mind betray,
In fewer words confide.
The maid who thinks to gain a mate
By giddy chat, will find too late,
That's not the way to keep him.

In dressing ne'er the hours kill,
That bane to all the sex;
Nor let the arts of dear Spadille,
Your innocence perplex.
Be always decent as a bride;
By virtuous rules your reason guide,
For that's the way to keep him.

But

But when the nuptial knot is fast,
 And both its blessings share,
 To make those joys for ever last,
 Of jealousy beware ;
 His love with kind compliance meet :
 Let constancy the work compleat,
 And you'll be sure to keep him.

S O N G XXXVIII.

ANACREON on Himself.

WHEN I drain the rosy bowl,
 Joy exhilarates my soul ;
 To the nine I raise my song,
 Ever fair and ever young :
 When full cups my cares dispel,
 Sober council then farewell ;
 Let the winds, that murmur, sweep
 All my sorrows to the deep.

When I drink dull time away,
 Jolly Bacchus, ever gay,
 Leads me to delightful bowers,
 Full of fragrance, full of flowers ;
 When I quaff the sparkling Wine,
 And my locks with roses twine.
 Then I praise life's rural scene,
 Sweet sequester'd and serene.

When I drink the bowl profound,
 Richest fragrance flowing round,
 And some lovely nymph detain,
 Venus then inspires the train ;

But

When

When from goblets deep and wide
 I exhaust the gen'rous tide,
 All my soul unbends—I play
 Gamefome with the young and gay.

S O N G XXXIX.

The I N C O N S T A N T.

Sung by Mr. Phillips, at Marybone Gardens.

Set by Dr. Arne.

YOUNG Damon, with seducing art,
 His well-feigned passion pleads ;
 Bids Sylvia take its constant heart,
 She loves, and he succeeds :
 Yet he her kiss-imprinted lips
 Forsakes within the hour,
 And apes the roving bee, that sips
 The sweets of ev'ry flow'r.

New objects now attract his eyes,
 Subdu'd by other charms ;
 While happy Sylvia vainly tries,
 To lure him to her arms.
 Of this, ye blooming fair, be sure,
 If virtue once gives way,
 The heart you think you hold secure,
 No longer owns your sway.

SONG XL.

The ATTIC FIRE.

WHEN all the Attic fire was fled,
 And all the Romans virtue dead,
 Poor freedom lost her seat;
 The Gothic mantle spread a night,
 That damp'd fair virtues fading light,
 The muses lost their mate.

Where should they wander, what new shore
 Has yet a laurel left in store?
 To this blest isle they steer;
 Soon the Parnassian choir was heard,
 Soon virtue's sacred form appear'd,
 And freedom soon was here.

The lazy monk has left his cell,
 Religion rings her hallowed bell,
 She calls thee now by me:
 Hark her sweet voice all plaintive sounds,
 See, she receives a thousand wounds
 If shielded not by thee.

SONG XLI.

To SYLVIA.

By David Garrick, Esq.

IF truth can fix thy wav'ring heart,
 Let Damon urge his claim:

He

He feels the passion void of art,
The pure the constant flame.

Tho' sighing swains their torments tell,
Their sensual love condemn;
They only prize the beauteous shell:
But slight the inward gem.

Possession cures the wounded heart,
Destroys the transient fire;
But when the mind receives the dart,
Enjoyment whets desire.

By age your beauty will decay,
Your mind improves with years;
As when the blossoms fade away,
The rip'ning fruit appears.

May Heav'n and Sylvia grant my suit,
And bless the future hour,
That Damon, who can taste the fruit,
May gather ev'ry flow'r

SONG XLII.

ASK if yon damask rose be sweet,
That scents the abient air.
Then ask each shepherd that you meet
If dear Susanna's fair.

Say will the vulture quit his prey,
And warble thro' the grove?
Bid wanton linnets quit the spray;
Then doubt thy shepherd's love,

The

The spoils of war let heroes share,
Let pride in splendor shine,
Ye bards unenvied laurels wear ;
Be fair Susanna mine.

S O N G XLIII.

D A M O N and F L O R E L L A.

Sung in Harléquin Sorcerer.

H E

C A S T my love thine eyes around,
See the sportive lambkins play ;
Nature gaily decks the ground ;
All in honour of the May.
Like the sparrow and the dove,
Listen to the voice of love.

S H E

Damon, thou hast found me long,
List'ning to thy soothing tale,
And thy soft persuasive song
Oft has held me in the dale ;
Take, oh! Damon, while I live,
All which virtue ought to give,

H E

Not the verdure of the grove,
Not the Garden's fairest flow'r,
Not the meads where lovers rove,
Tempted by the vernal hours,

Can delight thy Damon's eye,
If Florella is not by.

S H E

Not the water's gentle fall,
By the banks with poplars crown'd,
Not the feather'd songsters all,
Nor the flutes melodious sound,
Can delight Florella's ear,
If her Damon is not near.

B O T H

Let us love, and let us live
Like the chearful season gay,
Banish care, and let us give
Tribute to the fragrant May;
Like the sparrow and the dove,
Lissen to the voice of love.

S O N G XLIV.

STREPHON of the HILL.

Set by Dr. Arne.

LET others Damon's Praise rehearse,
Or Colin's at their will;
I mean to sing in rustic verse,
Young Strephon of the hill.

As once I sat beneath a shade,
Beside a purling rill;

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Who shou'd my solitude invade,
But Strephon of the hill.

He tapt my shou'der, snatch'd a kiss,
I cou'd not take it ill ;
For no'thing, sure, is done amiss
By Strephon of the hill ?

Consent, O lovely maid ! he cry'd,
Nor aim thy swain to kill :
Consent this day to be the bride
Of Strephon of the hill.

Observe the doves on yonder spray,
See how they fit and bill ;
So sweet your time shall pass away
With Strephon of the hill.

We went to church with hearty glee,
O love propitious still !
May ev'ry nymph be blest, like me,
With Strephon of the hill.

SONG XLV

The Words by Gay.

ALL in the Downs, the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black ey'd Susan came on board,
On ! where shall I my true love find ?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among your crew ?

E

William

Who

William was high upon the yard,
 Rock'd by the billows to and fro;
 Soon as her well known voice he heard,
 He sigh'd and cast his eyes below;
 The cord flies swiftly thro' his glowing hands,
 And quick as light'ning on the deck he stands,

So the sweet lark, high-pois'd in air,
 Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
 If chance his mate's shrill voice he hear,
 He drops at once into her nest.
 The noblest captain in the British fleet
 Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

O Susan! Susan! lovely dear!
 My vows shall ever true remain;
 Let me wipe off that falling tear;
 We only part to meet again,
 Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
 The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,
 Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;
 They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
 In ev'ry port a mistress find:
 Yes, Yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
 For thou art present where'soe'er I go.

If to fair India's Coast we sail,
 Thine eyes are seen in di'monds bright;
 Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale;
 Thy skin is iv'ry so white:
 Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I view
 Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

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Tho' battle calls me from thy arms,
 Let not my pretty Susan mourn ;
 Tho' Cannons roar, yet safe from arms
 William shall to his dear return :
 Love's turns aside the balls that round me fly,
 Left precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
 The sails their swelling bosoms spread,
 No longer must she stay on board ;
 They kiss'd, she sy'd, he hung his head :
 Her less'ning boat unwilling rows to land ;
 Adieu ! she cry'd, and wav'd her lilly hand.

S O N G XLVI.

Set by Dr. Arne.

HOW blithe was I each morn to see
 My swain come o'er the hill !
 He leap'd the brook, and flew to me ;
 I met him with good will :
 I neither wanted ewe, nor lamb,
 When his flocks near me lay ;
 He gather'd in my sheep at night,
 And cheer'd me all the day.

Oh ! the broom, the bonny broom,
 Where lost was my repose ;
 I wish I was with my dear swain,
 With his pipe and my ewes.

He tun'd his pipe and Reed so sweet,
 The birds stood list'ning by ;
 The fleecy flock stood still and gaz'd,

Tho'

E 2

Charm'd

Chang'd with his melody ;
 While thus we spent our time, by turns,
 Betwixt our flock's and play,
 I envy'd not the fairest dame,
 Tho' e'r so rich and gay.
 Oh ! the broom, &c.

He did oblige me ev'ry hour ;
 Cou'd I but faithful be ;
 He stole my heart ; cou'd I refuse,
 Whate'er he ask'd of me ?
 Hard fate ! that I must banish'd be,
 Gang heavily and mourn,
 Because I lov'd the kindest swain,
 That ever yet was born.

Oh ! the broom, the bonny broom,
 Where lost was my repose ;
 I wish I was with my dear swain,
 With his pipe and my ewes.

S O N G X L V I I .

H O P E .

A P A S T O R A L .

Set by Mr. Arne.

MY banks are all furnish'd with beers,
 Whose murmur invites one to sleep ;
 My grottoes are shaded with trees,
 And my hills are white over with sheep ;

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I seldom have met with a loss,
 Such health do my fountains bestow ;
 My fountains all border'd with moss,
 Where the hair bells and violets grow.
 Where the hair bells and violets grow.

I have found out a gift for my fair,
 I have found where the wood pigeon breed ;
 But let me that plunder forbear,
 She'll say 'twas a barbarous deed ;
 For it ne'er could be true, she averr'd,
 Who could rob a poor bird of its young ;
 And I lov'd her the more when I heard
 Such tendernefs fall from her tongue,
 Such tendernefs fall from her tongue,

But where does my Phillida stray ?
 And where are her grots and her bow'rs ?
 Are the groves and the valleys as gay,
 And the shepherds as ours ?
 The groves may perhaps be as fair,
 And the face of the valleys as fine ;
 The swains may in manner compare,
 But their love is not equal to mine,
 But their love is not equal to mine.

SONG XLVIII.

WHEN the trees are all bare not a leaf to be seen,
 And the meadows their beauties have lost ;
 When all nature disrob'd of her mantle of green,
 And the streams are fast bound with the frost ;

When the peasant, inactive, stands shiv'ring with
 cold,
 As bleak the wind northly blow,
 And the innocent flock runs for shelter to fold,
 With their fleeces all cover'd with snow.

In the yard when the cattle are fodder'd with straw,
 And send forth a breath like a steam ;
 When the neat looking dairy maid sees she must
 thaw
 Flakes of ice which she finds on her cream.

When the Blythe country lass, as fresh as a rose,
 As she carelessly trips, often slides ;
 And the rustick laughs aloud, if in falling she shews
 Those charms which her modesty hides.

When the lads and the lasses for company jo'n'd,
 In a crowd round the embers they sat,
 Talk of Witches and Fairies that ride on the wind,
 And of ghosts till they are all in a sweat ;

When the birds to the barn-door come hov'ring for
 food,
 Or silently sit on the spray ;
 Or the poor timid hare, in vain seeks the wood,
 For faithless her footsteps betray.

Heavens grant in that season it may be my lot,
 With the girl that I love and admire,
 When the icicles hang to the eave of my cot,
 I may thither in safety retire ;

When

When in neatness and quiet, and free from surprize,
 We may live in each other secure,
 Nor feel any turbulent passions arise,
 But those which each other can cure.

SONG XLIX.

Sung by Mr. Hudson at Ranelagh.

FAR sweeter than the hawthorn bloom,
 Whose fragrance sheds a rich perfume,
 And all the meadows fill;
 Much fairer than the Lilly blows,
 More lovely than the blushing rose
 Is Patty of the mill.

The neighbouring swains her beauty fir'd;
 With wonder struck they all admir'd,
 And prais'd her from the hill;
 Each strove with all his rustic art
 To sooth and charm the honest heart
 Of Patty of the mill.

But vain where all attempts to move
 A fix'd heart more true to love
 Than turtles when they bill.
 A chearful soul, a pleasing grace,
 And sweet content smiles in the face
 Of Patty of the mill.

The good a friend in fortune find,
 Exalts the honest virtuous mind,
 And guards it from all ill.
 Ye fair, forever constant prove,
 Be ever kind—be true to love,
 Like Patty of the mill.

SONG

SONG L.

Set by Dr. Arne.

The Words by Mr. Shenstone.

WHEN forc'd from dear Hebe to go,
 What anguish I felt at my heart!
 And thought, but it might not be so.
 She was sorry to see me depart.
 She cast such a languishing view,
 My path I cou'd scarcely discern;
 And so sweetly she bid me adieu,
 I thought she had bid me return.

Methinks she might like to retire
 To the grove I had labour'd to rare;
 For whate'er I heard her admire,
 I hasted and planted it there.
 Her voice such a pleasure convey,
 So much I her accents adore,
 Let her speak, and whatever she says,
 I'm sure still to love her the more.

And now e'er I haste to the plain,
 Come, shepherds, and tell of your ways;
 I could lay down my life for the swain,
 Who would sing me a song in her praise.
 While he sings, may the maids of the town
 Come flocking and listen the while;
 Nor on him let Hebe once frown,
 Tho' I cannot allow her to smile.

If to see when my charmer goes by,
 Some hermit peep out of his cell,
 How he thinks of his youth with a sigh!

How

How fondly he wish s her well !
 On him she may smile if she please,
 It will warm the cool bosom of age ;
 Yet cease, gentle Hebe, O cease,
 Such softness will ruin the sage.

I've stole from no flowerets that grow,
 To deck the dear charms I approve,
 For what can a blossom bestow,
 So sweet, so delightful as love ?
 I sing in a rustical way,
 A shepherd, and one of the throng ;
 Yet Hebe approves of my lay :
 Go, poets, and envy my song.

S O N G I.I.

Set by Mr. Boyer,

The Words by Mr. Moore.

HOW blest has my time been ! what days have
 I known
 Since wedlock's soft bondage made Jessy my own !
 So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain,
 That freedom is tasteless and roving a pain,
 That freedom is tasteless and roving a pain.

Thro' walks grown with woodbines as often we stray,
 Around us our boys and girls frolick and play ;
 How pleasing the sport is !—the wanton ones see,
 And borrow their looks from my Jessy and me,
 And borrow, &c.

To

To try her sweet temper oft times I am seen
 In revels all day with the nymphs of the green;
 Tho' painful my absence, my doubts she beguils,
 And meets me at night with compliance and smiles.
 And meets, &c.

What tho' on her cheeks the rose loses its hue,
 Here ease and good humour bloom all the year through
 Time still, as he flies, adds increase to her truth,
 And gives to her mind what she steals from her youth.
 And gives, &c.

Ye sheperds so gay, who make love to insnare,
 And cheat with false vows the two credulous fair;
 In search of true pleasure, how vainly you roam!
 Ho hold it for life you must find it at home;
 To hold it for life you must find it at home.

SONG LII.

Sung by Mr. Lowe, Mrs. Vincent, Miss Collet, and
 Miss Davis, at Marybone Gardens.

COME ye party jangling swains,
 Leave your flock, and quit the plains;
 Friend to country, or to court,
 Nothing here shall spoil your sport.

CHORUS.

Ever welcome to our feast,
 Welcome ev'ry friendly guest.

Mr.

Mr. LOWE.

Sprightly widows, come away ;
Laughing dames, and virgins gay ;
Little gaudy flutt'ring misses,
(Smiling hopes of future blisses.)
Ever welcome, &c.

Mrs. COLLETT.

All the rip'ning sun can bring,
Beauteous summer, beauteous spring,
In one varying scene we show,
The green, the ripe, the bud, the blow.
Ever welcome, &c.

Miss DAVIS.

Comus jesting, music charming,
Wine inspiring, beauty warming ;
Rage with party-malice dies,
Peace returns, and discord flies.

Ever welcome to our feast,
Welcome ev'ry friendly guest,

S O N G LIII.

A favourite Song. Set by Mr. Barthelemon, and
sung by Mrs. Weichsell, at Vauxhall.

GENTLE Damon cease to woo me,
'Tis in vain you thus pursue me,
Sighs and tears cannot subdue me,
Nor can change my constant heart.

Young

Young Philander's gen'rous passion
 Taught me first soft inclination ;
 Never shall your sly persuasion
 Make me act a treacherous part.
 Gentle Damon, cease, &c.

Cease, O cease, then this complaining.
 Such perfidious arts disdaining ;
 Let bright honour, once more reigning.
 To your soul its rays impart,
 Gentle Damon cease, &c,

S O N G L I V.

Set by Dr. Arne.

HUSH, ye birds, your amorous tales,
 Purling rills in silence move !
 Soft breathe, ye gentle Gales,
 Lest ye wake my slumb'ring love.

O the joy beyond expression,
 That enchanting form to own !
 Then to hear the soft confession
 That her heart is mine alone.

S O N G L V.

Set by Mr. Howard

AT setting day and rising morn,
 With soul that still shall love thee,
 I'll ask of heaven thy safe return,
 With all that can improve thee :
 I'll visit oft the birken bush,

Where

Where first you kindly told me
Sweet tales of love, and hid my blush,
Whilst round thou didst enfold me.

To all our haunts thou didst repair,
By green-wood shade, or fountain,
Or where the summer's day I'd share ;
With you upon the mountain :
There will I tell the trees and flowers,
With thoughts unfeign'd and tender,
By vows you're mine, my love is your's
My heart which cannot wander.

S O N G LVI.

Sung by Mr. Lowe.

FAIR Hebe I left with a cautious design
To escape from her charms, and to drown them
in wine :

I try'd it, but found when I came to depart
The wine in my head, and still love in my heart.

I repair'd to my reason, intreated her aid
Who paus'd on my case, and each circumstance
weighed,

Then gravely pronounc'd, in return to my pray'r,
That Hebe was fairest of all that was fair.

That's a truth, reply'd, I've no need to be taught.
I came for your counsel to find out a fault.

If that's all, quoth reason, return as you came,
To find fault with Hebe, would forfeit my name.

What

What hopes then, alas! of relief from my pain,
While like light'ning the darts through each throbbing vein?

My senses surpriz'd in her favour took arms,
And reason confirms me a slave to her charms.

SONG LVII.

The modest Question.

CAN love be controul'd by advice?
Can madness and reason agree?
O Molly! who'd ever be wise,
If madness is loving of thee:
Let dull sages pretend to despise,
The joys they want spirits to taste;
Let me seize on old time as he flies,
And the blessings of life while they last.

Dull wisdom but adds to our cares,
Brisk love will improve ev'ry joy;
Too soon we may meet with grey hairs,
Too late may repent being coy,
Then, Molly, for what should we stay,
Till our best blood begins to run cold!
Our youth we can have but to day,
We may always find time to grow old.

SONG LVIII.

In ELIZA,

Set by Dr. Arne.

MY fond shepherds of late were so blest,
 Their fair nymphs were so happy and gay;
 That each night they went safely to rest,
 And they merrily sung through the day;
 But, ah? what a scene must appear,
 Must the sweet rural pastimes be o'er;
 Shall the tabor, the tabor, no more strike the ear,
 Shall the dance on the green be no more.

Must the flocks from their pastures be led,
 Must the herds go wild straying abroad;
 Shall the looms be all stopp'd in each shed,
 And the ships be all moor'd in each road:
 Must the arts be all scatter'd around,
 And shall commerce grow sick of her tide;
 Must religion, religion, expire on the ground,
 And shall virtue sink down by her side.

SONG LIX.

Sung in COMUS.

WOULD you taste the noon-tide air,
 To yon fragrant bow'r repair,
 Where woven with the poplar bough,
 The mantling vine will shelter you.
 The mantling vine will shelter you.

Down each side a fountain flows,
 Tinkling, murmuring, as it goes,
 Lightly o'er the mossy ground,
 Lightly o'er the mossy ground,
 Sultry Phœbus scorching round,
 Sultry Phœbus scorching round.

Round the languid herds, and sheep,
 Stretch'd o'er sunny hillocks, sleep;
 While on the Hyacinth and Rose,
 The fair does all alone repose;
 The fair does all alone repose:
 All alone: yet in her arms
 Your breast shall beat to love's alarms,
 Till, blest and blessing, you shall own,
 The joys of love are joys alone;
 The joys of love are joys alone.

SONG LX.

Set by Dr. Arne.

SURE Sally is the loveliest lass,
 That ever gave shepherd glee;
 Not May-day in its morning dress,
 Is half so fair as she:
 Let Poet's paint their Paphian queen,
 And fancy'd forms adore;
 Ye bards! had you my Sally seen,
 You'd think on those no more.

No more you'd prate of Hybla's hills,
 Where bees their honey sip;
 Did you but know the sweets that dwell,
 On Sally's love-taught lip;

But

But oh ! take heed ye tuneful swains !
 The bright temptation shun !
 Or else like me, you'll wear her chains,
 Like me you'll be undone !

Once in my cot secure I slept,
 And lark-like hail'd the morn ;
 More sportive than the kid I kept,
 I wanton'd o'er the lawn :
 To ev'ry maid love-tales I told,
 And did my truth aver ;
 Yet e'er the parting kiss was cold,
 I laugh'd at love and her.

But now the gloomy grove I seek,
 Where love-lorn shepherds stray ;
 There to the winds my griefs I speak,
 And sigh my soul away ;
 Nought but despair my fancy paints,
 No dawn of hope I see ;
 But Sally's pleas'd at my complaints,
 And laughs at love and me.

Since these my poor neglected lambs,
 So late my only care ;
 Have lost their tender fleecy dams,
 And stray'd I know not where ;
 Alas ! my ewes ! in vain you bleat,
 My lambkins lost ; adieu !
 No more we on the plain shall meet,
 You've lost your shepherd too.

SONG LXI.

THROUGH the WOOD LADDIE.

Sung by Mrs. Arne, at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. Michael Arne.

O SANDY, why leav'st thou thy Nelly to
mourn,
Thy presence could ease me,
When naithing can please me !
Now dowie I sigh on the banks of the bourn,
Or through the wood laddie, until thou return.

Tho' woods now are bonny and mornings are clear,
While I'av' rocks are singing,
And primroses springing,
Yet nane of them pleases mine eye or mine ear,
When through the wood, laddie, ye dinna appear.

That I am forsaken some spare not to tell,
I'm fash'd wi' their scorning,
Baith ev'ning and morning,
Their jeering goes aft to my heart wi' a knell,
When through the wood, laddie, I wander mysel.

Then stay my dear Sandy no longer away,
But quick as an arrow,
Haste hence to thy marrow,
Who's living in languor till that happy day,
When thro gh the wood, laddie, we'll dance, sing,
and play.

SONG LXII.

DAMON and SYLVIA, A Dialogue

Set by D. Arne.

H E

DEAR Sylvia, no longer my passion despise,
 Nor arm thus with terror those beautiful eyes;
 Nor arm thus, &c.
 They become not disdains, but most charming would
 prove,
 If once they were softened with smiles and with love.

S H E

While I with a smile can each shepherd subdue,
 O Damon, I must not be soften'd by you,
 O Damon, &c.

H E

Tho' pow'r, my dear, be to deities giv'n,
 Yet generous pity, the darling of heav'n;
 Yet generous, &c.
 Oh then be that pity extended to me,
 I'll kneel and acknowledge no goddess but thee.
 I'll kneel, &c.

S H E

Suppose to your suit I should listen awhile,
 And only for pity's sake grant you a smile,
 And only, &c.

H E

(68)

H E

Nay, stop not at that, but your kindness improve,
And let gentle pity be ripen'd to love,
And let, &c.

S H E

Well then, faithful swain, I'll examine my heart,
And if it be possible, grant you a part.
And if, &c.

H E

Now that's like yourself, like an angel express'd
For grant me but part, and I'll soon steal the rest.
For grant, &c,

B O T H

Take heed ye fair maids, and with caution believe,
For love's an intruder and apt to deceive.
For love's an intruder and apt to deceive.
When once the least part the sly upchick has gain'd
You'll ne'r be at ease till the whole is obtain'd.

S O N G LXIII.

Sung by Mi's Dawson at the Grotto Gardens.

Set by Mr. Bates.

MY father and mother forever they chide,
Because I young Colin approve,
Tho' witty and manly they can't him abide,

But

But I'm alone guided by love.
 My father, I warrant when at Colin's age,
 No doubt but pursued the same plan ;
 My mother, 'tis certain, took care to engage,
 At once to make sure of her man.

And why should not I the maxim pursue,
 I wonder she angry should be,
 When I in my turn the same thing but do,
 As she has long done before me.
 I candidly own, whene'er the youth's by
 I've all I can wish in my view ;
 Nor will I, like other coy maids, pish and fye,
 The duce shall take me if I do.

Cool streams to the heart, nor flow'rs to the bee,
 Such pleasure they each cannot gain,
 As Colin's lov'd presence is always to me,
 For sure he's the pride of the plain.
 And though he should show all the arts of his sex,
 Or faithless as others might prove,
 It would not my mind by half so perplex,
 But knowing none else worth my love.

That thought I will banish, lay fifty to ten,
 The licence he soon will procure ;
 Perhaps you will say well, and prithee what then,
 I wed him, my dear, to be sure.

SONG

SONG LXIV.

The LITTLE COQUETTE.

Sung by Miss Jamson, at Vauxhall.

THO' still so young and scarce fifteen,
 Yet sweethearts I have plenty
 And if more forward I had been,
 E'er this they had been twenty.
 Like buzzing flies, or wasps with stings,
 In swarms they hover round me;
 I brush away those humming things:
 They have no power to wound me.

I surely am not much to blame
 To sport with one and t'other,
 My lovers raise no red'ning shame,
 'Tis phying with one's brother.
 I like to hear what each can say,
 To see what they'd be doing,
 And when they think me most their prey,
 I'm farthest off my ruin.

What though in crowds I pass the day,
 And all my joy is teasing;
 To one alone I'd not be gay,
 Lest one should be too pleasing:
 They fondly flutter here and there,
 And take each idle station:
 They only catch mine eye and ear,
 But raise no palpitation.

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Then welcome Harry, Tom, and Phill,
 Your numbers wont alarm me,
 Then to this jolly nymph be kind,
 Coquetting's but a season;
 When older grown, to one resigned,
 I'll yield to love and reason.

SONG LXV.

Set by Dr. Arne.

VALENTINE'S DAY.

WHEN blushes dy'd the cheek of morn,
 And dew drops glisten'd on the thorn;
 When skylarks tun'd their carols sweet,
 To hail the God of light and heat:
 Philander from his downy bed,
 To fair Lisetta's chamber sped;
 Crying—Awake, sweet love of mine,
 I'm come to be thy Valentine.

Soft love that balmy sleep denies,
 Had long unveil'd her brilliant eyes;
 Which (that a kiss she might obtain)
 She artfully had clos'd again:
 He sunk thus caught in beauty's trap,
 Like Phœbus into Thetis' lap:
 And near forgot that his design
 Was but to be her Valentine.

She starting cry'd—I am undone;
 Philander, charming youth begone!
 For this time, to your vow, sincere
 Make virtue, not your love appear:

Then

No

No sleep has clos'd his watchful eyes,
 (Forgive the simple fond disguise)
 To gen'rous thoughts your heart incline,
 And be my faithful Valentine.

The brutal passion sudden fled,
 Fair honour govern'd in its stead ;
 And both agreed, e'er setting sun,
 To join two virtuous hearts in one ;
 Their beauteous offspring soon did prove,
 The sweet effects of mutual love :
 And from that hour to life's decline,
 She blest'd the day of Valentine.

SONG LXVI.

The SHEPHERDESS.

Set by Dr. Arne.

I SEEK my shepherd gone astray,
 He left our cot the other day ;
 Tell me, ye gentle nymphs and swains,
 Pass'd the dear rebel through your plains ;
 Oh ! whither, whither must I roam,
 To find and charm the wand'rer home.

Sports he upon the shaven Green,
 Or joys he in the mountain scene ;
 Leads he his flocks along the mead,
 Or does he seek the cooler shade ?
 Oh ! teach a wretched nymph the way,
 To find her lover gone astray.

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To paint, ye maids, my truant swain,
 A manly softness crowns his mein;
 Adonis was not half so fair,
 And when he talks, 'tis heav'n to hear.
 But oh! the soothing poison shun,
 To listen is to be undone.

He'll swear no time shall quench his flame,
 To me the perjured swore the same:
 Too fondly loving to be wise,
 I gave my heart an easy prize;
 And when he tun'd his Syren voice,
 Listen'd, and was undone by choice.

But sated now he flauns the kifs,
 He counted once his greatest blifs;
 Whilst I with fiercer passions burn,
 And pant and die for his return:
 Oh! whither, whither shall I rove,
 Again to find my straying love.

SONG LXVII.

Gramachree M O L L Y.

Sung by Mrs. Wrighten, at Drury-Lane Theatre.

AS down on Banna's banks I stray'd,
 One ev'ning in May,
 The little birds in blytheft notes,
 Made vocal ev'ry spray;
 They sung their little tales of love,
 They sung them o'er and o'er,
 Ah Gramachree, ma Chollenouge,
 Ma Molly ashtore.

The daisy pied, and all the Sweets,
 The dawn of nature yields,
 The primrose pale, the violet blue,
 Lay scatter'd o'er the field ;
 Such fragrance in the bosom lyes,
 Of her whom I adore,
 Ah Gramachree, &c.

I laid me down upon a bank,
 Bewailing my sad fate,
 That doom'd me thus the slave of love,
 And cruel Molly's hate ;
 How can she break ye honest heart,
 That wears her in its core,
 Ah Gramachree, &c.

Yo said you lov'd me Molly dear,
 Ah ! why did I believe,
 Yet who could think such tender words,
 Were meant but to deceive,
 That love was all I ask on earth,
 Nay heaven could give no more,
 Ah Gramachree, &c.

O had I all the flocks that,
 Graze on yonder yellow hill,
 Or lov'd for me the num'rous herds
 That yon green pasture fill ;
 With her I love I'd gladly share,
 My kine and fleecy store.
 Ah Gramachree, &c.

Two turtle doves above my head,
 Sat courting on a bough,
 I envied them their happiness,

To see them bill and coo ;
 Such fondness once for me shewed,
 But now alas ! 'tis o'er,
 Ah Gramachree, &c.

Then fare thee well my Molly dear,
 Thy loss I e'er shall mourn,
 Whilst life remains in Strephon's heart,
 'Twill beat for thee alone ;
 Tho' thou art false, may heav'n on thee,
 Its choicest blessings pour.
 Ah Gramachree, &c.

S O N G LVIII.

A New Hunting Song, called

The death of the H A R E :

THE morning is charming all nature looks
 gay,

Away my brave boys to your horses away,
 For the prime of our humour in quest of the hare,
 We have not so much as a moment to spare,
 Hark the lively ton'd horn how melodious it sounds
 To the musical tone of the merry mouth'd hounds

O'er high lands and low lands and wood lands we fly
 Our horses full speed and our hounds in full cry,
 So match'd in their mouths and so swiftly they run,
 Like the train of the sphere and the race of the sun,
 Health, joy and felicity dance on our grounds,
 And bless the gay circle of hunters and hounds.

The old hounds push forward, a very sure sign,
 That the hare tho' a stout one begins to decline,
 A chase of two hours or more she has led,
 She's down, look about you they have her, she's
 dead,

How glorious a death to be honour'd with sounds
 Of horns, and a shout to the chorus of hounds.

SONG LXIX.

The FOX HUNTERS.

COME rouse brother sportsmen the hunters all
 cry,

We have got a strong scent and a favourite sky,
 The hounds sprightly notes, and the larks early
 song,

We'll chide the dull sportsman for sleeping so long.

Bright Phœbus has shewn us the glimpse of his face,
 Peep'd in at our windows and call'd to the chace,
 He soon will be up for his dawn wears away,
 And makes the fields blush with the beams of his
 ray.

Sweet Polly may traze you perhaps to lie down,
 And if you refuse her perhaps she may frown,
 But tell her sweet love must to hunting give place,
 For as well as her charms, there are charms in chace.

Look yonder, look yonder, old Reynard I spy.
 At his brush nimbly follows, brisk chanter and fly,
 They sieze on their prey, see his eye balls they roll,
 We're in at the death, now go home to the bowl.

There

There we'll fill up our glasses, and a toast to the
 King
 To Wi kes and fresh loyalty let the air ring,
 To George peace and glory may each heart dispense
 And my fox hunting flourish a thousand years
 Hence.

SONG LXX.

A New HUNTING SONG.

DO you hear, brother Sportsman, the sound of
 the horn ?

And yet the sweet pleasures decline ;
 For shame, rouse your senses, and e'er it is morn,
 With me the sweet melody join.

Over hills and o'er vallies,
 See the Traitor he rallies :
 Don't quit him till panting he lies,
 See the hounds in full cry,
 O'er hedges all fly,
 Chasing the swift hare till she dies.

Then saddle your steeds, to the meadows and fields,
 All willing, all joyous repair ;
 No pleasure a greater happiness yields,
 Than chasing the Fox or the Hare.

For such comforts my friends,
 On the sportsman attends :
 No pleasure like hunting is found,
 For when the day's o'er,
 All brisk as before,

Next morning we turn up the ground

SONG LXXI.

The New FOX HUNTING Song

LAST Valentines day when bright Phœbus
shone clear,

I had not been hunting for more than a year,
I clap'd spurs to black Sloven and drove up the
road

I heard the hounds to rattle and French horns
to blow.

Hallowing to cover, Old Anthony cries,
No sooner he spoke but the Fox he espies,
Taleo, Taleo.

He gave the hollow, and then cracked his wip,
Taleo was the word, and the dog lick'd his lip.

Then up starts Dick Dawson he car'd not a pin,
He leap'd at the drain and all four tumbled in,
And as he sprung over, he espied Old Ren,
With his tongue hanging out going home to his
den.

Our hounds and our horses were always as good,
As ever broke cover, or dash'd thro' the Wood,
But now Old Renard must certainly die,
Have at you Old Anthony Dick Dawson did cry:

Our hounds they run nearly ten miles or more,
Till Old Anthony car's'd, damn'd, and he swore,
But now Old Reynard must give up the ghost
Come fill us your Bumpers an' give us the toast.

Our day's sport being over, let the French horns
wind,

To the jolly fox hunters, let's chearfully join,
So fill up your glasses, let's chearful y drink,
For while we have six-pence we never can shrink.

SONG LXXII.

THE ECCHING HORN,

HARK, hark, the shrill horn,
Calls the sportsmen abroad,
To horse, my brave boys, and away;
The morning is up,
And the cry of the hounds,
Upbraids our tedious delay.

What pleasure we feel,
In pursuing the fox,
O'er hills and o'er valleys he flies,
Follow, follow, we'll soon
Overtake him huzza!
The Traitor is siezed on and dies.

Triumphant returning,
At night with the spoil,
Like Bacchanals, shouting and gay;
How sweet with a bottle,
And Lads to re'resh,
And loole the fatigues of the day,

With sport, love and wine,
Fickle fortune de'fy:

Dull Wisdom our Happiness sours ;
 Since Life is no more,
 Then a passage at best,
 Let's strew the way over with Flowers.

S O N G LXXIII.

A New S O N G,

W HAT sport can compare,
 To hunting of the hare,
 In the morn, in fair and pleasant weather,
 With our horses and our hounds,
 We will scour o'er the grounds,
 And tantara, huzza, brave boys we will follow.

When poor puss doth rise,
 Then away from us he flies,
 And we give her a thundering hollow,
 With our horses and our hounds,
 We will pull her courage down,
 And tantara, huzza, brave boys we will follow.

When poor Puss is kill'd,
 We retire from the field,
 And be merry boys, be merry boys,
 And drown away all sorrow,
 We have nothing more to fear,
 But to drown away all care,
 And to banish, huzza and to banish,
 All our thoughts till to-morrow.

SONG LXXIV.

The INDUSTRIOUS FARMER.

COME all ye lads and lads and lasses

Together let us go
 Into some pleatant Corn Field,
 Our courage for to shew ;
 With Reap-Hook and Shickle
 So well we'll clear the Land,
 The farmer cries work on, my boys,
 Her's liquor at your command :
 With a good old leather bottle,
 And beer that is so brown,
 We'll strip and reap together,
 'Till bright Phœbus does go down.

At day-light in the morning
 The birds begin to sing,
 The echoe of their harmony
 Makes all the Groves to ring ;
 Then in comes pretty Nancy
 The Corn for to leate,
 She is a lovely creature,
 I must speak in her praise,
 I wish I was her keeper,
 She is my heart's delight,
 And thro' the Groves and Forests
 I could range both day and night.

She gathers, and she binds it,
 She loads her tender arms,
 And pitches to the Waggoner,
 For to fill up her barn ;

Whilt-

Whilst the industrious Farmer
 By the sweat of his brow,
 His labours and endeavours
 To make up his Barley mow:
 Whilst John produces good liquor,
 It often has been said
 Good liquor makes good blood,
 And good blood a pretty maid.

Now the Harvest is over,
 The Corn is free from harm,
 And for to go to market,
 We must thrash in a barn;
 So let's drink a health to the Farmer,
 And merrily we'll sing,
 Success unto the farmers,
 Likewise to George, the King,
 Drink success to the Farmers,
 Or else we are too blame,
 And wish them health and happiness,
 'Till Harvest comes again.

SONG LXXV.

The UNFORTUNATE MAIDEN.

'T WAS when the seas were roaring,
 With hollow blast of wind,
 A damsel lay deploring,
 All on a rock reclin'd.

Wide o'er the roaring billows,
 She cast a wishful look,
 Her head was crown'd with willows,
 That trembled o'er the brook.

Twelve

Twelve months were gone and over,
 And nine long tedious days,
 Why didst thou vent'rous lover,
 Why didst thou cross the Seas.

Cease, cease thou cruel ocean,
 And let my lover rest,
 Ah! what's thy troubled motion,
 To that within my breast.

The merchant robb'd of pleasure,
 Views tempests in despair,
 But what's the loss of treasure,
 To the losing of my dear.

Should you some coast be laid on,
 Where gold and diamonds grow,
 You may find a richer maiden,
 But none that loves you so.

How can they say that nature
 Has nothing made in vain,
 Why then beneath the water
 Do hideous rocks remain.

No eyes these rocks discover,
 That's sunk beneath the deep,
 To wreck the wand'ring lover,
 And leave the maid to weep.

Oh! Neptune! Neptune, Neptune,
 Why was you then so cross,
 As to agree with fortune,
 In this, my woeful loss.

Why didst not send thy Triton,
To check the boist'rous waves,
That him whom I did doat on,
Might find successful days.

All melancholy lying.
She grieved for her dear,
Repaid each blast with sighing,
Each billow with a tear.

When o'er the white waves stooping,
His floating corpse she 'spy'd,
Then like a lilly drooping,
She bow'd her head and died.

SONG LXXVI.

The WAY to Keep H E R.

THE mind of a woman can never be known,
You never can guess it aright ;
I'll tell you the reason she knows not her own,
She changes so often e'er night :
'Twould puzzle Apollo, her whimsies to follow,
His oracle wou'd be a jest ;
She'll frown when she's kind,
She'll change with the wind,
And often abuses the man that she chuses
And him she refuses likes best.

To them in temper I'll tell you the way,
I'd have you give ear to my plan ;
Be merry and chearful, good humour'd and gay,
And kiss them as oft as you can :
For while you do these, you the ladies will please,
Their

Their affections you're sure for to gain ;
 Then be of their mind,
 And quickly you'll find,
 'Tis better than wrangling, contending and jangling,
 For they'll love you and kiss you again.

S O N G LXXVIII.

The DUSKY NIGHT.

THE dusky night rides down the sky,
 And ushers in the morn,
 The hounds all make a jovial cry,
 The huntsman winds his horn.
 Then a hunting let us go, &c.

The wife around her husband throws,
 Her arms to make him stay,
 My dear, it hails, it rains, it blows
 You cannot hunt to day.
 But a hunting we will go, &c.

Th' uncavern'd fox like light'ning flies,
 His cunning's all awake,
 To gain the race he eager tries,
 His forfeit like the stake,
 When a hunting we do go, &c.

Arous'd e'en echoe huntress turns,
 And madly shouts her joy,
 The sportsman's breast enraptur'd burns,
 The chase can never cloy.
 Then a hunting we will go, &c.

H

Despairing

Despairing mark, he seeks the tide
 His art must now prevail,
 Hark ! shouts the miscreant death betide,
 His speed his cunning fall.
 When a hunting we do go, &c.

For lo ! his strength to faintness worn,
 The hounds arrest his flight,
 Then hungry homeward we return
 To feast away the night.
 Then a drinking we will go, &c.

SONG LXXIX.

The JOLLY GIPSIES.

COME, come, come ye dainty doxies
 Come to me y' girls so dear,
 Altho' we've no houses, nor riches
 Yet we'll never want good cheer.

Chorus. So come along with us, and booze it
 briskly,
 All you girls that love your ease,
 For the jolly gipsies they'll go tipsy
 And go a ——— when ever they please.

Let the miser hoard up his money,
 We will spend it at our ease,
 We will toil it, we will foil it,
 And will spend it as we please.

All you that delight in pretty women,
 Must enjoy her while you may,
 Strive to delight her and content her,
 Then she'll please you night and day.

We

We are honest, we are boozey,
 Fairly with our bloffes dear,
 We are courting, we are sporting,
 Yet we never want good Cheer.

Sometimes we drink sack and sherry,
 Sometimes we drink water sad,
 Sometimes we are very merry,
 And sometimes we are plaguy mad.

Oftentimes we all are sporting,
 In the fields both night and morn.
 At those pleasant times are courting,
 In the wheat, likewise the corn.

So to conclude and end my ditty,
 In a jovial flowing bowl,
 Some are wise, and some are witty,
 Gipsies they are merry souls.

SONG LXXX.

Low down in the B R O O M.

IT was on Witsun Monday,
 The day appointed was,
 Twas low down in the bottom,
 To meet a bonny lass.

And I myself a bonny lad,
 To bear her company,
 And its low down in the broom,
 She's waiting there for me.

I turn'd myself quite round about,
 To see what I cou'd see,
 At length I esp'd my own true love,
 Come wand'ring near to me.

I kindly took her by the hand,
 And gave her kisses three,
 And it's low down in the broom,
 She's waiting there for me.

I took her round the middle small,
 And gently laid her down,
 These were the words that she did say,
 As she lay on the broom,

Do what you will kind sir, she said,
 'Tis equal unto me,
 For little does my mamma know,
 That you're in the broom with me.

My father he is a miser,
 He will give me no gold,
 My mother she's a scolding dame,
 She does the house controul.

But I do love a bonny lad,
 Until the day I die,
 And it's low down in the broom,
 He's waiting there for me.

I took her by the lilly-white hand,
 And said my own sweetheart,
 Since you and I have together met,
 I hope we ne'er shall part.

But

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But we will go and married be,
 Like others in the town,
 With ail my heart my dear she said,
 Farewell to the bonny broom.

SONG LXXXI.

Sung by Mr. Hudson,

Set by Mr. Goodwin, Jun.

O'ER moorlands and mountains, rude, barren
 and bare,
 As wilder'd and wenried I roam,
 A gentle young shepherdess see my despair,
 And leads me o'er lawns to her home.
 Yellow sheaves from rich Ceres her cottage had
 crown'd,
 Green rushes were strew'd on the floor,
 Her casements sweet woodbines crept wantonly
 round,
 And deck'd the sod seats at her door.

We set ourselves down to a cooling repast,
 Fresh fruits : and she call'd me the best,
 Whilst thrown from my guard by some glances she
 cast,
 Love slyly stole into my breast.
 I told her my wishes ; she sweetly replied,
 (Ye virgins her voice was divine)
 I have rich ones rejected, and great ones denied,
 Yet take me fond shepherd—I'm thine.

Her air was so modest, her aspect so meek,
 So simple, yet sweet were her charms,
 I kiss'd the ripe roses that glow'd on her cheeks
 And took the lov'd maid in my arms:
 Now jocund together we tend a few sheep,
 And if on the banks by the stream,
 Reclin'd on her bosom I sunk into sleep,
 Her image still softens my dreams.

Together we range o'er the flow-rising hill,
 Delighted with pastoral views,
 Or rest on the rock where the streamlets distill,
 And mark out new themes for my muse:
 To pomp and proud titles she ne'er did aspire,
 The damsel's of humble descent,
 The cotager Peace is well known for her fire,
 And the shepherd's has nam'd her Content.

SONG LXXXII.

GUARDIAN angles now protect me,
 Send to me the swain I love;
 Cupid with thy bow direct me,
 Help me all ye powers above:
 Bear him my sighs ye gent'e breeze,
 Tell him I love and I despair:
 Tell him for him I grieve,
 Say—'tis for him I live,
 O may the shepherd be sincere.

Thro' the shady groves I'll wander,
 Silent as the bird of night;
 Near the brink of yonder fountain,
 First Leander blest'd my sight:

Witness

Witne's ye groves and falls of water,
 Echoes repeat the vows he swore ;
 Can he forget me,
 Will he neglect me,
 Shall I never see him more.

Does he love and yet forsake me,
 To admire a nymph more fair ;
 If 'tis so I'll wear the willow,
 And esteem the happy pair ;
 Some lonely cave I'll make my dwelling,
 Ne'er more the cares of life pursue ;
 The lark and Philomel,
 Only shall hear me tell,
 What makes me bid the World adieu.

SONG LXXXIII.

AT Totterdown-hill there dwelt an old pair,
 And it may be they dwell there till ;
 Much riches indeed did not fall to their share,
 But they kept a small farm and a mill :
 But fully content with what they did get,
 They knew not of guile nor of arts ;
 One daughter they had, and her name it was Bett,
 And she was the pride of their hearts.

Nut-brown were her looks, her shape it was straight
 Her eyes were as black as a doe :
 Her teeth was milk-white, full smart was her gait,
 And sleek was her skin as a doe :
 All thick were the clouds, and the rain it did pour,
 No bit of true blue could be spy'd ;
 A child wet and cold came and knock'd at the door,
 Its m m' it had lost and it cry'd.

Young

Young Bett was as mild as the mornings of May,
 The babe she hugg'd close to her breast;
 She chaf'd him all o'er, and he smil'd as he lay,
 She kiss'd him and lull'd him to rest:
 But who do you think she had got for her prize,
 Why love that sly master of arts;
 No sooner he wak'd but he dropp'd his disguise,
 And shew'd her his wings and his darts.

Quoth he, I am love, but be not afraid,
 I ho all I make shake at my will:
 So good and so kind you have been my fair maid,
 No harm you shall find from my skill:
 My mother ne'er dealt with such fondness by me,
 A friend you shall find in me still;
 Take my quiver and shoot, and be greater than she,
 The Venus of Tetterdown hill.

SONG LXXXIV.

Sung by Mr. Vernon.

Set by Mr. Arnold.

E'RE Phœbus shall peep on the fresh budding
 flow'r,
 Or Blue-belis ate robb'd of their dew;
 Sleep on my Maria, while I deck the bow'r,
 To make it more worthy of you.

There roses and jef'mine each other shall greet,
 And mingle to copy your hue;
 The lilly, to match with thy bosom so sweet,
 How faint its resemblance to you.

With

With the sweets of your breath, the hedge-violet
shall vie,

But weakly, and pay it its due;
The thorn shall be robb'd of the fleece for your eye,
Yet nature pangs nothing like you.

The leaves of the sensitive plant must declare,
The truth of my well belov'd she;
Whose branch if to touch it bold shepherds shall dare
Would shrink from all others but me.

SONG LXXXV.

WHEN summer comes, the swains on Tweed
Sing their successful loves;
Around the ewes and lambkins feed,
And music fills the Groves:
But my lov'd-song is then the broom,
So fair on Cowden Knows;
For sure 'tis sweet, so fair a bloom,
Elsewhere there never grows.

O the broom, &c.

There Colin tun'd his oaten reed,
And won my yielding heart;
No shepherd e'er that dwelt on Tweed,
Could play with half such art:
He sung of Tay, of Forth, and Clyde,
The hills and dales all round,
Of Leader-haugh, and Leader-side,
Oh! how I blast the sound.

O the broom, &c.

Yet

Yet more delightful is the broom,
 So fair on Cowden Knows ;
 For sure so fresh, so bright a bloom,
 Elsewhere there never grows :
 Not Tiviot braes so green and gay,
 May with this broom compare ;
 Nor Yarrow banks in flow'ry May,
 Nor bush a boon Traquair.

More pleasing far is Cowden Knows,
 My peaceful happy home ;
 Where I was wont to milk my ewes,
 At eve among the broom :
 Ye pow'rs that haunt the woods and plains,
 Where Tweed and Tiviot flows ;
 Convey me to the belt of swains,
 And my lov'd Cowden Knows.

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